

FROM THE MIRROR OF FUN.

VULNEROUS REFLECTIONS MADE BY THE
SUNLIGHT OF LAUGHTER.

Wanted It Back Stewed.
(From Life.)



Pre-litigator—There, sir: I have taken
this out of your stomach!
Underfed Gentleman—Well, Boss, since you
were so clever as to take it out, try if you can't
put the rabbit back again stewed.

A Disappointed Husband.
(From the Burlington Free Press.)

Citizen (at florist's)—Have you any plants with
bugs on them?
Florist—No, indeed: I don't keep such things.
Citizen (disappointed)—I was in hopes you
did. My wife never let me smoke in the house
except when there are bugs on the plants.

Robbed of a Romance.
(From the Chicago Herald.)

What's the matter, Lily? You look out of
sorts.
Lily—I am positively disgusted. Pa and ma
think I'm a slut, and I think they're an excellent
lot.

Well, I should think you would be glad of
that.
Lily—Glad of it? It is perfectly stupid. I wanted
an excuse to elope.

In That Case the Truth Will Do.
(From Harper's Bazar.)

Mr. Brief (who has been reading an article on
sleep in a health paper)—John, it is best to lie
on the right side or the left?
John (a lawyer)—If you are on the right side,
it usually isn't necessary to lie at all.

Valuable Aid.
(From the Burlington Free Press.)

Smith—Jones, were you cultivated during the
war?
Jones—No; but my sympathies were.

Some Critical Pens.
(From the Washington Post.)

Mr. Harrison should have sent Rice to China.
Editors are recognized officials. The
President is a pious man, who doesn't propose
to see the world forsaken.
Col. Grant and Mr. Lincoln will represent
their Fatherland abroad.

If any foreign attorney attempts to impose
upon our editorial diplomats they will proceed
at once to "raise a club."

The Best of Credentials.
(From the Journal's Weekly.)

Diamond Merchant (to applicant for position)
—What references have you, sir?
Applicant—The surgeons at Bellevue Hos-
pital.

Merchant—What do they know of your qualifi-
cations for my line of trade?
Applicant—They amputated my legs and
superficially constructed new ones, which
are unbacked and locked in the safe during
business hours.

Merchant—Remove your limbs and enter upon
your duties.

Credentials Sufficient.
(From the New York Weekly.)

New Yorker—Do the Upstarts of Philadelphia
belong to the best society there?
Philadelphia Dame—The best society? Bless
your innocent heart, of course they do! Why,
any and many a moonlight night I've seen
their cats and Biddle's cats howling on the same
roof.

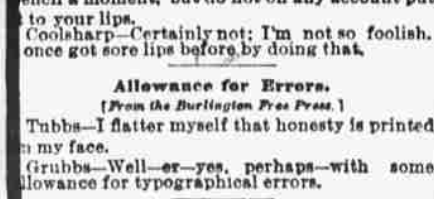
Equal to the Occasion.
(From the Boston Courier.)

Supercilious—Yes, you may have my lead
encl a moment, but do not on any account put
it to your lips.
Cousin—Certainly not; I'm not so foolish.
Once got sore lips before by doing that.

Allowance for Errors.
(From the Burlington Free Press.)

Tabbs—I flatter myself that honesty is printed
in my face.
Friend—Well—yes, perhaps—with some
allowance for typographical errors.

A Fair Division of Labor.
(From Times Dispatch.)



Employer (to new clerk)—This package of
money you've just counted is two five-dollar
bills short.
New Clerk—How do you know? You said you
didn't count the money.
Employer—I said that to test your honesty. I hardly
ever want to do so.

I can help you out; you take me into part-
nership, and I'll do the counting for you. You
can do the lying and we'll make things
smooth.

WHEREIN THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE MEETS WITH A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER II.

"First tell me," said the woman, "having
heard these facts, what is your idea?"
"I haven't seriously thought the matter
out yet," replied the detective, "but at the
last I have two solutions of the mystery occur
me. The first is that your husband has
left you for somebody else; the second, that
his 'trouble' he speaks of is something
highly complex which you keep out of the way,
and you tell me what is your own idea."

"I have an idea," replied the young wife,
"but I shall not tell it to you, lest it should put
you on the wrong scent. What I wish you
do is to take up my case. If you will I will
give you the only photograph I have of my
husband, a copy of my marriage certificate,
and I will give you all the information I can.
As to terms, I will be plain with you. I do not intend to have the rest
of my life ruined and to be the wife of a hus-

band of whose whereabouts I am ignorant.
Give me the means of annulling or dissolving
this marriage, and on the day that I am free
you shall have a thousand pounds."

"It was a large sum to be promised and the
detective opened his eyes."

"Do not be afraid," said the young lady,
"that you will, if you fail, have done your
work for nothing. Here is a fifty-pound note
for your preliminary expenses. When that is
gone you can have what more you require."

Ellerton took the note and looked at it me-
chanically. It was a perfectly good one. The
detective thought to himself that for a lady
who had only a quarterly remittance from
her husband and had to live out of it she was
very free with her money.

Something of what was passing in the de-
tective's mind was guessed by his visitor.

"I must be frank with you," she said, ris-

ing, "there is another person who is anxious
to have evidence that will make me a free
woman. Some one with plenty of money. I
will call on you again to-morrow morning.
Good evening."

"It's a rum case," said Mr. Ellerton to
his wife, as he explained to that good lady
the reason he was so late home to dress, "but
I shall be there."

"HERE IS A £50 NOTE," SAID THE YOUNG
WOMAN.

It's a good one for me. I expect the person
with plenty of money is a gentleman who
wants to marry her if she can get rid of hus-
band No. 1."

Mr. Ellerton saw his interesting lady client
again, and, armed with the information she
gave him, set about his task. He found the
marriage of Louise Ernestine Leblanc and
Frederick Morrison duly registered, and he

found very little more. A few private in-
quiries in the neighborhood where the young
couple had lived together satisfied him that
Mr. Morrison was what is vulgarly known as
"a swell." The tradespeople who remem-
bered him, said he was quite the gentleman.
But for a year or so about the place had
seen him. The lady paid her bills, and was
much respected by all who knew her. The
husband had gone abroad to India, or Africa,
or some place like that.

Up in London Mr. Ellerton showed the
photograph right and left. He could not re-
cognize it, nor could he be anywhere where
he was discovered through the "Post-Office Directory,"
any one to answer the description of
the missing man.

One morning about a fortnight after he
had taken the affair up, the young lady called
upon him in a state of great agitation.

"We have a clue," she exclaimed, "we
must follow it up quickly. Can you leave
with me for Havre to-night?"

"Why for Havre?"

"Mr. Morrison is there. The gentleman
who wants to marry me has seen him there.
Look at this telegram."

The detective took the telegram and read
it. It was from Mr. Morrison to Mr. El-
lerton, here on board your young English lady
said to be his wife. Saw him being rowed
from shore to shore."

"It is most important that you should
collect the evidence there. I could not.
Name your own terms, but come."

That night Mr. Morrison, who had been
left Southampton by the Havre packet,
arrived at their destination at 9 on the
following morning.

The detective was on the quay to
meet them. Mrs. Morrison had telegraphed
to him.

"They sailed this morning," he said.
The lady's face fell. So did the de-
tective's.

"Oh, but we shall have them yet," said
the gentleman. "I've ascertained where

wards, Mr. Ellerton could not say how long
he kept. He remembered hearing a confused
kind of conversation coming to him, the
dreams, and, presently, feeling something
touch him, he opened his eyes.

He saw two men in the cabin, and one of
them had a revolver in his hand. He was
at first so dazed that he was still dreaming,
then the reality came suddenly to him. He
recognized the man with the revolver. Leap-
ing up from his berth he exclaimed, "Ned
Donovan!"

The man with the revolver, a big, deter-
mined-looking fellow of about forty, with a
bushy black beard and shaggy, overhanging
eyebrows, nodded his head and said, "Yes,
Mr. Ellerton," he said, "it's me,
right enough. You didn't expect to have the
pleasure of my company, did you?"

In a moment the full measure of the situa-
tion burst upon the detective. He had been
trapped. He was alone and defenseless on
the high seas with a man who two years ago
had sworn to be quits with him for "putting
away" his pal.

This man, Ned Donovan, and another,
Jack Fraumton, "the pal" who had been
"put away," were the two desperadoes of the
kingdom. Ellerton had been the means of
capturing Fraumton, who had eluded the
police for years. The detective had done this
cleverly, and had run his man down
through a former member of the gang, who
had betrayed him. Every attempt had been made
by the gang to escape, but the detective had
been too quick for them. He had seen the
man with the revolver, and he had seen him
betrayed. He had seen the man with the
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